

*The history*

With their fin'st pallat, and trust to me *Ulysses*  
 Our imputation shalbe odly poiz'de  
 In this vilde action for the successe,  
 Although perticuler shall giue a scantling  
 Of good or bad vnto the generall,  
 And in such *indexes* (although small pricks  
 To their subseque[n]t volumes) there is scene,  
 The baby figure of the gyant masse,  
 Of things to come at large: It is suppos'd  
 He that meetes *Hector*, yssues from our ch'oice,  
 And choise (being mutuall act of all our soules)  
 Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,  
 (As twere from forth vs all) a man disill'd  
 Out of our vertues, who miscarrying,  
 What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,  
 To steale a strong opinion to them selues.  
*Ulyss.* Giue pardon to my speech? therefore tis meete,  
*Achilles* meete not *Hector*. let vs like Marchants  
 First shew foule waies, and thinke perchance theile sell;  
 If not; the luster of the better shall exceed,  
 By shewing the worse first: do not consent,  
 That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,  
 For both our honour and our shame in this, are dog'd with  
 two strange followers.  
*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes what are they?  
*Ulyss.* What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*  
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:  
 But he already is too insolent,  
 And it were better patch in Afrique Sunne,  
 Then in the pride and fault scorne of his eyes  
 Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,  
 Why then we do our maine opinion crush  
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottry  
 And by deuise let blockish *Ajax* draw  
 The sort to fight with *Hector*, among our selues,  
 Giue him allowance for the better man,  
 For that will phisick the great Myrmidon,  
 Who broyles in loud applause, and make him fall,

His

*of Troylus and Cresseida.*

His crest that prouder then blew Iris bends;  
 If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off  
 Weele dresse him vp in voices, if he faile:  
 Yet go we vnder our opinion still,  
 That we haue better men, but hit or miss,  
 Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes  
*Ajax* impley'd plucks downe *Achilles* plumes,  
*Nest.* Now *Ulysses* I begin to relish thy aduise,  
 And I will giue a taste thereof forthwith,  
 To *Agamemnon*. go we to him straight  
 Two curres shall tame each other, pride alone  
 Must arre the mastiffs on, as twere a bone. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ajax and Therites.*

*Ajax. Therites.*

*Ther.* *Agamemnon*, how if he had bi'es, full, all ouer, gene-  
 rally. *Ajax. Therites.*

*Ther.* And those byles did run (say so), did not the gene-  
 rall run then, were not that a botchy core. *Ajax. Dogge.*

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him, I see none  
 now.

*Ajax.* Thou bitchwolfs son canst thou not heare, feele then.

*Ther.* The plague of Greece vpon thee thou mongrell beefe  
 witted Lord.

*Ajax.* Speake then thou vnsalted leauen, speake, I will beate  
 thee into han'somnesse.

*Ther.* I shall sooner raile thee into wit and holinesse, but I  
 thinke thy horse will sooner cunne an oration without  
 booke, then thou learne praier without booke, thou canst  
 strike canst thou? a red murrion ath thy Iades trickes.

*Ajax.* To de-schoole? learne me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Doe'st thou thinke I haue no sence thou strikest mee  
 thus? *Ajax.* The proclamation.

*Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.

*Ajax.* Do not Porpentin, do not, my fingers itch:

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foote, and I had  
 the scratching of the, I would make thee the lothsomest scab  
 in Greece, when thou art forth in the incursions thou stike'st  
 as slow as another.

*Ajax.*